

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



"THIS CAN NEVER BE THE PLACE WHERE WE ARE TO RESIDE."

## NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOME, SWEET HOME!

*This is no my ain house.—Old Song.*

"WHAT are we stopping here for, I wonder?" It was Miss Spilby who said it. She seemed to be talking to herself; but Mrs. Chamberlain heard her.

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"Shall I call some one?" the footman asked, as he stood by the carriage door. Mrs. Chamberlain could not help observing that he had not touched his hat when addressing her, nor even made use of the customary "ma'am." He looked along the narrow garden walk as if he deemed it inconsistent with his livery to walk so far, or to knock at such a door. Some people are very particular as to what is due to their cloth.

"Shall I call some one?" he repeated.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Chamberlain, in a frightened tone. "What place is this?"

"Mr. Chamberlain's house," said the man.

"Mr. Chamberlain's house? Oh, this is where he lodges, I suppose?" A ray of hope had flashed upon her mind.

"No," was the answer; "this is Windy Gorse."

"You must be mistaken," she said, faintly.

"Yes; you must be labouring under a horror," Miss Spilby added, in a more decided tone.

"This is Windy Gorse," said the man. "This is where Mr. Webb used to live; and this is where Mr. Chamberlain has just moved to. It has been done up on purpose for him."

"I cannot realise it," said the lady. "This can never be the place where we are to reside."

"No, ma'am," said Spilby, decidedly.

"I was not addressing you, Spilby," Mrs. Chamberlain answered, sharply.

"We had better get out and inquire," said Eva.

Inquiry was rendered unnecessary by the appearance at the door of one of the domestics, who had arrived a day or two before with some of the luggage, and who had been busy getting the house ready for her mistress. She came tripping down the garden-path with a smile upon her face.

Mrs. Chamberlain could no longer shut her eyes to the realities of the case. The conviction forced itself upon her, that this poor, mean-looking farmhouse, with its row of three windows upstairs and two below, its narrow door, unsheltered by porch or portico, and raised only a single step above the ground, its too evident kitchen and larder leaning against it on one side with small casements of lead looking to the front like the more pretentious sashes of the house itself, this was her future residence—her future home.

In the first moment when this truth made itself felt, Mrs. Chamberlain utterly rebelled against it. She resolved that she would not alight from the carriage; she would not walk along that mean approach; she would not enter that narrow door; she would return at once to Nobottle Station, and go away again by the very next train.

"Where is Mr. Chamberlain?" she asked.

"He had to go out, ma'am," said Kitty; "he will be home to dinner at seven."

The footman had by this time taken the shawls out of the carriage, and was standing impatiently by it, with the door in his hand. The coachman looked round and asked, "Are you right? Look sharp, please; we have got to go back for the squire."

Mrs. Chamberlain had never been asked to "look sharp" before, and said so.

"Let us get down, mamma," said Eva, setting the example.

"Well, we must stop somewhere for the night, I suppose," said her mother, in a loud key. "We must see what can be done afterwards. When will Mr. Chamberlain be here did you say?"

"At seven o'clock," Kitty repeated.

The lady descended without another word, and walked with solemn step and head thrown back towards the house. Eva and the maid followed her, the latter unconsciously imitating her haughty gait. Kitty, having gathered up the shawls and umbrellas, closed the procession, and the carriage drove quickly away.

The house was much better inside than its exterior gave reason to expect. The front was turned to the

side, as Kitty expressed it, and the back was where the front ought to be. The best rooms looked out upon a nice lawn and flower garden, and commanded a very pretty view. The house was situated on a hill, and was rather exposed, as its name seemed to imply; but it overlooked a pleasant and well-wooded valley, with a trout-stream coursing rapidly through it. It was a much larger house than any one would have supposed at first sight, a modern wing having been built out at right angles from the old front.

"This is a very nice room," said Eva, with surprise, entering an apartment the door of which stood open. "This may be made quite pretty; and the view is charming."

"I don't see anything nice or charming about it," said her mother, dropping into a chair, and shutting her eyes as if in pain; "and if it were ever so delightful, it is too small."

"We are not a large party, mamma," said Eva.

"And are we always to be alone? Are we never to have any visitors?"

"We can make room for a friend or two, I dare say."

"Make room! What an expression! Who do you think will wish to come on such terms?"

"Anybody. Everybody who cares for us."

"Nonsense, Eva. If one is to have society, it must be in proper style. You can't expect strangers to put up with inconveniences."

Eva thought she did not want strangers on any terms; but refrained from saying so.

"Have you seen the dining-room?" her mother asked.

"Yes; that is rather small, to be sure; but very pretty; it has a nice bow window."

"It is all window. It is in the old part of the house, and was made out of the pantry, I should think. One could never give a dinner-party there. There are in this place no reception-rooms, positively none. How can one receive without reception-rooms?"

"Well, mamma, we did not have much company at Salt-in-the-Marsh: why should we do so now, where we don't know anybody?"

"And where there is nobody to know, you might say. But we ought to be in a different position now; especially at your age."

"Oh, never mind about me. I shall be quite contented. I like the look of the house inside, and of the garden outside."

"Be quiet, do. You talk like a simple child, instead of being nineteen last birthday. 'Not mind about you, indeed?' Why it is on your account only, solely and entirely on your account, that I do not wish to be buried alive in a pantry or a cupboard, with nothing to think of all day long, and nothing to look out upon except fields and trees and—and cows, do you see them? Cows! I could weep," she continued, taking out her handkerchief; "I could shed tears if—I were not so grieved and vexed. And you can be content! Oh Eva!"

Eva did not venture to say another word. She had not understood how great a crime it was to be contented. After a time they went upstairs. Mr. Chamberlain had done everything in his power to make the rooms look comfortable, and there was really very little to complain of; but they were small, and he could not make them any larger. The bedrooms were "right up in the roof," as Mrs. Chamber-

lain expressed it; and Miss Spilby vowed that her room was so low she could walk upon her hands on the ceiling, which would have been a feat worth witnessing, especially in a place where there was such a plentiful lack of excitement. The curtains were drawn in the dining-room, when they came down again, and a fire was burning, for the evenings were already beginning to grow chilly; and the table, spread for dinner, looked positively inviting after the long railway journey and the adventures by road. Mr. Chamberlain appeared, and found his wife by this time almost as amiable as he expected, if not so much so as he could have wished; and when dinner was served he ventured to face her, having two or three "ribs" of beef interposed, upon which, whatever other differences they might have, a community of interest could for the present moment centre.

After dinner, during which Mrs. Chamberlain had scarcely opened her mouth except to eat, she began to speak about her journey; and after telling how the squire had met them and placed his carriage at their service, she came naturally to her feelings of mortification at the appearance of the house. It was not absolutely so bad as it might be inside, she said, but the place altogether was so dull and miserable that it did not signify much what the house was like. She had scarcely seen a genteel residence all the way she came, and did not suppose there was one in the whole parish, unless that place they called the Goshen, down in the valley, could be so described.

"The Goshen is a very good house," said Chamberlain, "and the Brownlows are very respectable people."

"Are they gentlefolks? that's what I wish to know," Mrs. Chamberlain asked.

"Yes, I should say so," the husband answered. "Brownlow is a farmer, of course."

"A tenant farmer?"

"Yes; but a well-informed man; so is his son."

"Are there any other good people in the neighbourhood?"

"There is the squire."

"Yes, I know him already. He is a very agreeable man."

"And there are two or three large landed proprietors not far off—Sir Harry Fox, Lord Huntingbury, and Mr. Newman Styles. But I fear they will be nothing to us."

"Of course not, while we live in such a house as this. Then it is evident that for me and Eva there will be no society whatever."

"Some of the tenants are people of good standing and education."

"They may be companions for you, Mr. Chamberlain, but the less I see of them the better. I hope the squire will be neighbourly."

"He's going abroad directly," Mr. Chamberlain replied. "He generally lives abroad. He is only waiting here till rent-day, and that will be very soon."

"Well," said his wife, "if we are to live in this neighbourhood, I hope you will soon find a better house. I can't, and won't, reside permanently in such a hovel as this!"

"There's no other to be had," said Chamberlain.

"What is that place like that you were speaking of just now?"

"What place?"

"The Goshen, or some such name."

"That's a nice house enough," said Chamberlain. "The proper name for it is, I believe, the Grange. It's an old place, and used to be the squire's residence a hundred years ago, I am told, before the Hall was built. Yes, the Grange is its name on the map. It is the best house and the best farm on the estate. Brownlow manages it well, and always has good crops. That's why the country people call it the Goshen."

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Chamberlain, "the steward, who has the management of the property, and who stands, as we may say, in the place of the squire, ought to have the best residence. What is Mr. Brownlow, that he should be put over your head?"

"What is he? Well, he is the oldest tenant we have. His father and grandfather had the farm and the house before him."

"Then it is time some one else had a turn now. I dare say he would not mind changing. Have you ever thought of proposing it?"

"No," said Chamberlain, with a laugh. "I can't say I ever have."

"What would the squire say to it?"

"I don't know. I don't think I shall ask him."

"Then perhaps I shall. He was very civil to us this afternoon. He took off his hat to us, and lent us his carriage. He is quite the gentleman; any one could see that. I don't think he would refuse me anything in reason."

"It would not be in reason to ask for Brownlow's house. It would not be right or neighbourly."

"I don't pretend to be neighbourly. What do I know about Brownlow? He has the best house on the estate, and you, the squire's deputy and agent, have the worst."

"No, no; not the worst. I really don't see what there is to complain of here. This is not a bad house at all."

"It's a pity you can't see with my eyes, Chamberlain. You would not be so well satisfied then."

"It's a pity you can't see with mine, I think," he answered. "You would then be more easily contented."

"I don't want to be contented with such a place as this."

Mr. Chamberlain shrugged his shoulders. It was no use talking, he said; there they were and there they must remain; and as his wife continued to talk notwithstanding, he at length got up and left the room. She stumbled at the door in following him. There was a step up, which she had not seen; and on the other side of the passage there was a step down.

"I never saw such a place in all my life," she said. "There are steps everywhere. A step up and a step down to every room in the house; and the passage is pannelled half way up with wood; and the staircase is as steep and narrow as a chicken-ladder; and there is no gas, and no moon, and no stars!"

If the good lady had gone on much longer giving vent to her murmurs she would perhaps have persuaded herself, by the time she reached her bedroom, that there would be no sun to rise on the morrow—a melancholy consummation of her fears.

Spilby was waiting for her at the top of the stairs, and she also was full of complaints. There was no house-keeper's room, there was no servants' hall; the sight of the house outside had given her quite a turn; she had not got over the outside of the house yet, and did



not know when she should; but the inside was worse for the servants; there was no place for her to sit down in, and no accommodation nowhere. There were many inconveniences arising out of the smallness of the establishment; but the question where Spilby was to sit seemed to be the most important. The cook and the housemaid sat in the kitchen, and all the men came to the kitchen for everything they wanted. Dick Hobbin came to the kitchen with the milk for the house, and the eggs and the butter all came to the kitchen. Even the boy Bill came and sat in the kitchen and had his supper there when he stayed late, as he did that evening, being busy with the luggage. Spilby had never been accustomed to sit with such sort of people as didn't know how to behave. There he sat, and didn't offer to rise when she entered the room, and that was the kind of society she was expected to put up with, she supposed. Followers she did not want; any one to "walk with" she did not desire; but she could not sit with boys out of the stable and the farm; and wherever she *was* to sit she did not know. To hear her talk, any one would have supposed she was a hen. It was plain, at all events, that Mrs. Chamberlain was not the only person to whom the "society" question presented itself as a difficulty.

It was late before any one got to bed that night, and Spilby had an adventure on her way to her room. It was at the end of a passage towards the farmyard. There was a window in the passage, which had been left open on account of the fresh paint. Every one else had retired, and Spilby, leaving her mistress's room, was going towards her own, when suddenly the candle was dashed from her hand, and she found herself in total darkness. Terrified half out of her senses, her screams soon brought Kitty and the cook to her assistance. It was that boy Bill, she said; she was sure it must be that ill-mannered boy Bill; he had thrown his cap in at the window on purpose to put out the light. If not that, what else could it be?

Kitty would not allow that. Bill was a very good boy, she said, and knew as well how to behave as other people. He was gone home long ago, and was fast asleep in bed by that time. If he had thrown his cap in, the cap would have been there to speak for itself; but the cap was not there, and did not speak.

"Then it's something supernatural," said Spilby; "and just as likely as not in a place like this. I shall sit up all night. I dursn't go to bed. I'll go to Mrs. Chamberlain's room and tell her so; and I'll go back to London to-morrow morning, if ever I live to see it. The house is haunted; you ought to have told me so before."

"It was a bat," said the cook; "I dare say it was a bat."

"Or a howl," said Kitty.

"Bats and howls, indeed!" Miss Spilby replied, indignantly. "And that's the sort of thing one may expect, I suppose. I wish I had known it before I came here. I only wish I had. I ought to have been told."

Spilby was obliged to take some sal-volatile before she could compose her nerves sufficiently to be left alone in her room, and to go to sleep.

The next morning while Mrs. Chamberlain was contemplating the view from her bedroom window,

Spilby, who had been assisting, not very gently, at her toilet, remarked:

"I'm afraid, ma'am, I shall have to take my departure as expeditious as you can make it convenient to suit yourself, if this is to be your residence."

Mrs. Chamberlain had begun already to repent that she had brought a lady's-maid with her into the country before ascertaining what kind of place she was coming to. But she did not like the idea of parting with her again so soon. It would be talked about, she thought. Everybody would know with what expectations she had been engaged, and for what reason she had gone away.

"Very well, Spilby," she said. "You must stay your month, of course. Perhaps by that time things may be arranged differently. The house does not suit me any better than it does you."

"I have never been used to such rooms and such goings on. It's the darkest place I ever was in: no gas in doors or out, and no nothing. I couldn't sleep all night for the darkness; and not a sound to be heard inside the house nor out. I lay awake for hours listening to the silence."

"It's not like London streets, of course," Mrs. Chamberlain replied; "but I thought you had been used to the country."

"Yes, ma'am. I used to go to Brighton with my last lady; but this is not like Brighton."

"And Brighton is not like the country."

"No, ma'am; it's considered more fashionable."

"Well, well," said her mistress, looking from her window towards "the Grange," of which the old grey front, with its double range of full-sized windows, was visible; "well, we shall not be here long, I dare say. That is the style of house I expected to come to, and that is the style of residence that I must have."

"That is not a farmhouse, ma'am, apparently."

"The farm-buildings are not visible, at all events. They are separated from the house by a plantation; shut out from it completely, as they ought to be. The squire himself used to live there formerly. It may perhaps be available for us before long."

Spilby said no more about leaving, but when she had quitted the room Eva, who had heard the conversation, said gently, putting her arm round her mother,—

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house."

Mrs. Chamberlain released herself from Eva's embrace, and said haughtily,—

"Eva—you forget yourself. It is not for you to teach your mamma. Covet, indeed! I would not be guilty of such a thing. But right is right; and it is not consistent for a gentleman who represents the squire to live in a poky house like this, while the tenants occupy mansions. I could be satisfied for myself. I do not desire grandeur, nor society, nor anything else. Bread-and-water and a hovel would do very well for me. Covet, indeed! No; it is for your sake, Eva; for your sake only that I aim at a higher and more becoming position, and you ought to be the last person in the world, the very last, to say a word against it. But it's what we must expect, I suppose. Our servants and our children must be wiser and better than their mistresses and their mam—mam—mammass."

The last word was broken by a sob.



## OUT AMONG THE TURKOMANS.

BY THE REV. JAMES BASSETT, OF TEHERAN, PERSIA.

I.

THE Turkomans are the most warlike of all the nomads of Central Asia. The name Turkoman designates certain tribes of Tartar, or supposed Tartar, origin, who inhabit Turkistan, particularly that country which has the Aral Sea on the north, the Caspian on the west, the mountains of Elburz on the south, and the river Oxus and country of Bokhara on the east. Also that territory situated between Persia and Bokhara, having the north-eastern portion of Afghanistan on the south.

The chief city of this people in the north was Kheveh, and in the south Merv. The capture of Kheveh by the Russians has caused the Turkomans, especially the Tekke tribe, to concentrate near the latter city. The tribes near the Persian border are, the Goklen, who inhabit the banks of the river Gorgehen, and are nominally subjects of the Shah; the Tekke, by far the most numerous and powerful, who hold all the country north-east of Persia to Bokhara; and the Salor, who are found near Herat, east and south-east of Meshed.

The Tekke have recently become famous, if they were not before, by means of the Russian military expedition sent against them, and the affair at Geog Tapa. According to their own statements, this tribe number forty thousand tents, and five hundred thousand souls. Their true strength is, probably, much less than this estimate makes them to be.

There are two routes by which the country of the Tekke may be approached from the south-eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, and from the Persian capital. One route may be said to start from Astrabad, and to run through the Goklen country, along the north side of the Elburz mountains to Kooshan, or to the northward of that town. It should be understood here that by route we do not intend to imply that there is a good road through that country. We intend by the term to indicate rather a direction, within certain limits, which travellers take, often with only a dim path to follow. It is a difficult road on account of the nature of the country, mountain, desert, and morass, the great distance to be traversed, often without habitation, and the hostile, treacherous character of the people; the proximity also of a border where from time, back of which the memory of man runneth not, war has raged. The traveller can put but little confidence in contracts for safe passage, since the contractor has little or no power beyond the limits of his own cluster of tents, or the tents of his clan.

Much the safer and more practicable route to Merv, and to the Tekke country, for the ordinary traveller, is by way of Shah Rude, and through Northern Persia. The road, if a path can be called such, follows the Elburz range, keeping close to the south side of the mountains, in order to avoid the kabeers (salt morasses) of the great desert of Khorasan. There is now telegraph and post from Tehraa to the city of Khorasan, a distance of not less than six hundred miles. Khorasan is virtually on the border, though Persia claims, and nominally holds, as far as to Sarrahs. Although the discomforts of travel in this route are such as are known in desert and half civilised lands only, yet one may be assured of finding, in all the way as far as to the Persian border, post-

horses to ride, food, shelter, and a people subject to an organised government; and a man may hasten on as fast as he can gallop a horse, riding day and night; or he may go more slowly by caravan of mules, horses, or camels.

It is seldom that a European attempts to penetrate as far as to the Tekke. While on the border, I heard of a military man who, coming from the south, marched up to that ambiguous thing, the border, and dashed his horse across for a run to the dear Turks off in the desert; who, however, was overtaken by a company of Persians, and escorted back, with the assurance from his captors that one so highly esteemed as he could never be permitted by the "king of kings" to put his life in such jeopardy as it would be in if he should go among the Turkomans. Such journeys and ventures are, in general, left to military and diplomatic agents, and are rarely undertaken by them; for to none are the inducements in any way commensurate with the hardships to be endured, and with the improbability of a return to civilised life. It is only in such great and good objects as the Missionary and Bible Societies have before them, that one can find, as the writer of this did, a purpose worthy of the pain and hazard incident to the journey.

The second of the above-named routes is said to be now safe from Turkomans; but it can truly be so said only by way of comparison of the probabilities of an attack being made now and in previous years—probabilities, arising chiefly in the present time from the capture of Kheveh, and the peace made between Turkomans and Persians—a peace which enables the former people to concentrate all their forces for fighting Russians.

The road is quite void of incident as far as to Shah Rude; thence to Khorasan there is abundant evidence of the terror and devastation occasioned by the nomads.

I heard that a military escort, which I was advised to join, left Shah Rude twice in each month, to conduct pilgrims and traders across the Joie Khof (place of fear), a name used for the road from Khair Abad to Mazenon, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles.

It was near sunset that I rode up to Khair Abad. The name means good abode or no abode, according as the first word of the compound is understood to be Arabic or Turkish. The latter signification seemed to be most appropriate, considering the fact that there was no house in the place, but only broken walls and the ruins of a village destroyed by famine and Turkomans. I threw a piece of carpet upon the ground, and upon it some of the luggage, and sat down to rest an hour, having ridden sixty miles that day, and having in anticipation a ride which was to continue until morning.

The crowd which was to make up the caravan had been gathering for several days, and consisted of the followers of Ali from nearly every quarter of the globe in which Sheahs\* are to be found; Tartars of Russia, Turkey, and Afghanistan; but most of the

\* Sheah is the name of that sect of Mohammedans who believe that Ali was the first rightful successor of Mohammed, and that the succession of the Khalifate belonged to his heirs.

people were Persians. Very many went on foot, some on horses, some on donkeys, and others on camels. The escort consisted of thirty mounted men, twenty-five infantry, and a six-pound gun drawn by three span of horses.

Turning to a Persian merchant near me, I said, "How is it that our road for the next four days is more infested by Turkomans than any other part of our journey?" In reply, he pointed his finger to the north-east, saying, "You see that mountain yonder; it is only ten or twelve farsang distant from our road; just on the other side of it are the Turkomans." The Goklens profess to be subjects of the Shah, but they are friends of the Tekke, and would not if they could prevent the Tekke crossing the border. The ground here is favourable for them, being pretty smooth and open up to the mountains; the passes are short and easy, compared with those of other parts of the Elburz. But after four days' travel, the road curves to the south; the mountain ranges are higher and more rugged, so that if they pass beyond a certain point they run great risk of being caught. I could realise the situation when later I observed that a few miles from Mazenon, there is only a narrow belt or neck of dry land between the mountains and a morass, which is part of the net work of kabeers which extends far south into the great desert of Khorasan. If a Turkoman passed that point, his only way of escape was either across the mountains or over the narrow belt of land, in any part of which a rifleman would have him within range.

As darkness and the hour of starting drew nigh, the people went forward at will and without order, singing a salavaut, and shouting in chorus, "Yä Ali! yä Ali!" After the three signals had been given—the first to indicate the time for feeding horses and men, the second for making ready the loads, and the third for the start—the horses were hitched to the gun, and driven off on a gallop and trot, which was kept up for about one hour, in order to overtake the people to be protected. Then a halt was ordered that all might come up—the guard of cavalry formed on either side of the gun, the infantry in front; and there was a general gathering up of forces and putting on of battle array, preparatory to passing certain places said to be "places of fear." These manœuvres were repeated every few hours during the night as the caravan approached the so-called dangerous parts of the way. The first half of the night was whiled away by many persons in talking of their adventures with the Turkomans, or of attacks made and battles fought here and there by them, their mode of warfare, their weapons, horses, food, country, religion, and women. Many could speak, from the experiences of a long captivity among those fierce men, of the manner in which they take, and how they treat, captive Persians. To the inexperienced and uninitiated in that crowd, every ravine became a lurking-place for a Turkoman, and every hill a breast-work, peering around or above which his head is dimly seen. The whole caravan seemed to have—as all that border-land has—a nightmare, in which the actor is a Turkoman armed with single cimeter, and mounted upon his well-known horse, charging over every desolate plain and from every valley.

The pilgrims sang frequently; the footmen leading off in some extempore song, the chief theme of which was the better land, and the blessing of the prophets, who were a "hundred thousand" or more. The song often contained a short eulogy on some one

in the caravan, but the stanzas uniformly closed with an allusion to the "place of the saint" and "the prophets' throne," and the repeat of a salavaut: "There is our rest! there is our rest!" in which the people all united their voices with the neighing of horses, the braying of donkeys, grunting of camels, barking of dogs, and crying of babies. In the intervals between the songs might be heard the trained voice of a dervish, ringing through the darkness, "Yä Ali! yä Ali! yä hak! yä hak!\* hak!" But a long time before the rising of the morning star, the singers ceased their singing, the crowd had lengthened out into a wavering broken belt, many miles in length. Men were reeling and falling off the animals on which they were riding, for sleep to a Persian is stronger than a Turkoman. The infantry had become cavalry, mounted on borrowed donkeys and mules. The voice of the dervish was heard after long intervals only, shouting, "Yä hoo! yä hoo! yä hoo! hoo! hoo! oo!"† At early dawn there was a rush, as the gun was dragged forward; then a trumpet blast as a halt was made, the signal for the gathering of the pilgrims. There was a call to prayer; coats and carpets were spread out upon the ground, and the people all bowed in reverent silence towards Mecca. The summary of the day's work in such a journey is soon made. It is sleep, eating, and drinking, though the last might often be left out of the estimate. The travelling by night in the East certainly prevents the thirst felt by those who journey by day.

The station, or manzil, as it is called, where the caravan halted, consisted of a small village, surrounded by a high wall, a post-house, called a "chapar khana," and a caravansari, and possessed the usual natural advantages and features of a Persian town—a high mountain on one side, a plain on the other, a rill of water flowing from the mountain, and a few fields on the plain, testifying by their verdure to the quantity and virtue of the rill. Near the gate of the town a dervish discoursed to a crowd of boys and girls concerning the prophets, the portraits of whom, painted upon a large canvas, were hung upon the wall of the village. Some manœuvres of the big gun attracted my attention. Going up to it, I opened the caisson. A soldier, stepping up, closed it with a slam; but it was too late to conceal the contents. The only ammunition the box contained was old shoes. I was told that for the safety of the people the powder and ball were packed in panniers and put on a horse; but I observed at night that the horse was allowed to follow the caravan at will, being loose and without a driver.

The second night seemed in nearly all particulars a repetition of the first, except, in its dawn, disclosing to us another station in the wilderness. Meon Dasht (middle desert) is the name given to a post and telegraph station midway between Rhair Abad and Mazenon, where caravans, coming from either direction, meet and change escorts. It consists of a high brick wall, inclosing about two acres of ground, and within which are two reservoirs of water, eight or ten huts, a post-house, a telegraph office, and two caravansaries, one of which was built in the time of Nadr Shah, the other recently put up by a Mussulman of Tehran, as an act of religious merit. The two reservoirs are underground—are wells with sides

\* A name for God, also for truth.

† Another name of God.

and roofs of burned brick. The descent to the water is by means of a long flight of steps, and into it there is an incessant dipping of all the vessels of pottery, and brass, and copper, with which travellers in that country provide themselves, until the fluid, through this process of dipping and other causes, has acquired nearly the consistency of paste well salted.

The first thing to be done on arriving in town is to find a room—somewhat difficult where the demand is many times greater than the supply. Leaving the caravan, we were among the first to enter the gate. But the western-bound caravan has already taken possession. My servant is equal to the emergency—was born in the land and trained in its customs. He immediately rushes up to the occupant of a desirable room, saying, "Get out," or "Take the sticks; a great man is coming;" and thereupon begins to throw the man's luggage out of the room. When I protest against this unchristian procedure, he replies, in the hearing of the ejected man, "No matter; we will give him a present," a remark which seems to fully compensate the man, if we may judge from his satisfied countenance, and his declaration that the house is a gift to me, and he himself my sacrifice.

After the usual experiences of the day, I determined to explore the country outside the wall. Calling the young man who had been choring for us, and whose business it was to bring us the post-horses, we told him that we hear there is a well of water just outside the wall. He disappoints us by saying that the well is supplied from the reservoirs within the gates. But we doubt the statement, and resolve to see for ourselves. But we find the report is true, that there is no pure water nearer than a farsang and a half. We walk on slowly, talking as we go, water being our theme. We try to tell the man of a better land, and of that water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst; but his ear is not trained to the language of the new life, neither is the mind trained to the apprehension of its thoughts, and the heart is no willing, ready interpreter.

Turning to me, the man said, "It was just here where we stand that I was years ago digging up thorns for fuel, when a Turkoman rode out from the point of the hill yonder, and riding full tilt came up to me cimeter in hand, and said, 'You can work?' 'Yes.' 'Then come up here.' And knowing resist-

ance to be useless, I gave him my hand, and he pulled me up on to the horse behind him. Seizing my hands, he tied them around his waist on my back, and then galloped off as rapidly as he had come. When we had gone so far that he felt no fear of pursuit, he ordered me to dismount. My hands were tied together on my back. He then tied a cord round my neck, fastening it to the tail of his horse, and told me to keep up or take the consequences of lagging. When the man saw that I was faint he gave me a little water from the leathern bottle which he carried. At night he gave me a bit of bread about as large as my hand, which was all the food I had for nearly three days. By the time we reached the first village he had become convinced of my powers of endurance.

"My father," he continued, "trades with Turkomans, and is useful to them in negotiating for the redemption of captives. He can go anywhere among them, and is often a guide. He succeeded in his efforts to ransom me. It was agreed that he should pay a hundred tomans, and take me in my master's tent. The money was paid and we started for home, but had not gone half way when another band of Turkomans coming upon us carried us off to another village."

Now that we may not detain the reader too long on the border, let us take a guide and a good horse, and dash over the few miles which separate us from the wild Turkomans. We will abandon the Persian chapar horse, for the Shah has no post in that direction, and post-offices and post-stamps are unknown there. We will buy here a good horse, and so be able to go and return as we like.

We may change our clothes for a native costume, and shave our head, or we may become a dervish as others have done. But if we know our men, or are known not to be a political agent, and especially not to be a Russian, it is just possible that we may go in our own clothes, but should they take us for a Russian that would be the end of us. As we speak English, and there is a fellow-feeling between us and the Turkoman, so far at least as the Russian is concerned, we shall go with more boldness than would become other people. The distance is not great, so we shall need to take no great supply of food and clothing.

## THE TROUBLES OF A CHINAMAN.

BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER II.—ANTECEDENTS.

KIN-FO had a special reason for giving a farewell dinner at Canton. Having spent the greater part of his youth in the capital of Quang-Tung, he had, as a rich and generous young man, formed many friends there, and was anxious to pay them a compliment on this occasion. But nearly all of them had been dispersed on their various paths of life, and only the four already mentioned remained to accept the courteous invitation. Kin-Fo's proper residence was at Shang-Hai; he had merely come to Canton for a few days' change of air and scene, and was about, that very evening, to take the steamboat that called at the principal ports along the coasts, and to return to his "yamen."

As a matter of course, Wang, the philosopher had accompanied him; he was a tutor who rarely quitted his pupil's side. Tim had not been very much beside the mark when he irreverently called him "a theoretical machine," for he was never weary of propounding his sententious maxims, although it must be owned that they ordinarily had as little effect upon Kin-Fo as is proverbially represented by water on a duck's back.

Kin-Fo was a very fair type of the Chinese of the North, who have never become allied with the Tartars. Neither his father's family nor his mother's had a drop of Tartar blood in their veins, and for purity of breed his match could not be found anywhere in the



southern provinces, where both upper and lower classes have intermingled with the Manchow race. He was tall and well-built; his complexion was fair rather than yellow; his eyes and eyebrows were set almost horizontally, although they turned up slightly



KIN-FO.

towards the temples; his nose was straight, and altogether his physiognomy was so refined that he could hardly have passed unnoticed even among the handsome of the well-favoured populations of the West. The Chinese characteristic that was most pronounced was his closely shorn head and neck, with the magnificent pigtail that descended from his poll like a serpent of glossy jet. A fine moustache grew in a graceful semicircle over his upper lip, distinct as the sign that in musical notation denotes a pause. His nails were allowed to grow to the length of half an inch, delivering their testimony to the fact that he belonged to the class who never put their hands to manual labour of any kind; but anyhow his personal bearing was sufficient to show his independent position in life.

He had been born in Peking, a birthplace in the north of which the Chinese are ever proud, and of which they refer by describing themselves as coming "from above." Here he had lived until he was six years old, when his residence had been changed to Shang-Hai.

His father, Chung-How, was a descendant of a good

family in the north, and, like many of his countrymen, possessed a remarkable faculty for business. In the early part of his career there was hardly a product of that rich and populous territory that did not enter into his line of traffic, and paper from Swatow, silk from Soo-Choo, candied sugar from Formosa, tea from Han-Kow and Foo-Chow, iron from Honan, copper and brass from the province of Yunnan—all were included in the items of his commerce. His principal factory, or "kong," was at Shang-Hai, but he had other establishments at Nanking, Tien-Tsin, Macao, and Hong-Kong. English steamers transported his merchandise, the electric cable kept him informed of the market price of silk at Lyons and of opium at Calcutta; for, unlike the generality of Chinese dealers who were under the pressure of the Government or the influence of mandarins, he rose superior to prejudice, and so far from scorning the aid of steam and electricity, he welcomed them readily as efficient agents of progress.

So successfully did Chung-How carry on his transactions, not only within the empire itself, but likewise with the French, English, Portuguese, and American firms at Shang-Hai, Macao, and Hong-Kong, that at the time when his son Kin-Fo was born, he had already amassed the sum of 400,000 dollars (£80,000). But in subsequent years this fortune was more than doubled by the opening of a new line of business in the export of coolies to America.

It is a fact established beyond dispute that the population of China (variously designated by the poetical appellations of the Celestial Empire, the Central Empire, and the Land of Flowers) is quite disproportionate even to the vast extent of territory it occupies, and cannot be estimated at less than 360,000,000 souls, or about a third of the entire population of the world. Although the needs of a poor Chinaman are marvelously small, yet he must live; and China, notwithstanding its innumerable rice-plantations and its boundless fields of corn and millet, is incapable of growing sufficient produce to maintain him; there is a vast overplus of people; and for this overplus a way of escape may be said to have been opened by the breaches made by French and English cannon in the moral no less than the material walls of the Celestial Empire.

It was towards North America, and especially towards California, that the stream of emigration rapidly flowed forth; and so violent was the flood that Congress was driven to take measures to restrict what was somewhat uncourtously designated as the invasion of the "yellow plague;" it was soon discovered that although the exodus of 50,000,000 emigrants would not very sensibly affect the Chinese Empire, the settlement of so large a contingent of Mongolians upon American soil threatened only too seriously to result in the absorption of the Anglo-Saxon element in the community.

Nevertheless, in defiance of all effort to establish restrictions, emigration continued to go on. The

coolies, handy at all trades, and contented with a handful of rice, a cup of tea, and a little tobacco for their daily rations, did thoroughly well in California, Oregon, and elsewhere, bringing with them everywhere a very considerable reduction in the wages of handicraft. Companies were started for their transport; five in various parts of China for their conveyance to America, and another at San Francisco to receive them on their arrival. A subordinate agency was likewise established, called Ting-Tong, which undertook to bring them back again.

The necessity for this Ting-Tong was imperative. Although the Chinese were ready enough to go and seek their fortune among the "Mellicans," as they called the people of the United States, it was always upon the rigid condition that die when they might, their bodies should not fail to be brought back and buried in their native land. Except under a special covenant to this effect, no contract could ever be made between an emigrant and a company; and this "Death-agency" accordingly was set on foot to provide the means of conveyance for corpses from California to Shang-Hai, Hong-Kong, or Tien-Tsin.

Among the first to foresee the lucrative character of this new branch of business was the enterprising Chung-How. He entered upon it with great zest, and when he died, in 1866, he was a director of the Quang-Tung Company in the province of that name, besides being sub-director of the Ting-Tong board at San Francisco.

So successful were Chung-How's speculations, that Kin-Fo at his father's death found himself heir to a fortune of £160,000, nearly all invested in the Central Bank of California, where he had the good sense to leave it. Only nineteen years of age, without father and without mother, he would have been alone in the world had it not been for the society of his inseparable friend and mentor, Wang. For seventeen years had Wang resided in the yamen at Shang-Hai, the cherished companion alike of father and son; whither he had come and what were his antecedents probably none but Chung-How and Kin-Fo could tell, and even they would doubtless maintain a strict reserve upon the subject. It may, however, be well slightly to lift the veil and just glance at his early history.

It is a recognised certainty that in China the spirit roused by an insurrection will live and linger for many years in the hearts of many thousand men. In the seventeenth century, the celebrated Ming dynasty of Chinese origin had exercised its sway for three hundred years, when, in 1644, the representative of the race, finding himself too weak to cope with the enemies that threatened his capital, called in the aid of a Tartar king. The Tartar, nothing loth, hastened to his assistance, subdued the insurrection, but immediately took advantage of his position to dethrone the suppliant, and caused his own son Chunches to be proclaimed Emperor of China.

Henceforward the usurper held the power, and the

Chinese throne was filled by Manchow Emperors. Little by little, amongst the lower classes of the population, the two races amalgamated, but amongst the richer families of the north the distinction between Chinese and Tartars was far more strictly maintained, and in some provinces even to the present day there are to be found those who have remained steadfast in their allegiance to the fallen dynasty.

Amongst these was Kin-Fo's father. Faithful to the traditions of his family he would at any time have welcomed a revolt against the Tartar power, although for three centuries it had been dominant in the empire. His son as might be expected, shared his political sentiments.

The reigning emperor in 1860 was Tsien-Fong, who declared war against France and England; a war which was concluded by the treaty of Peking on the 25th of October, in the same year. But previously to that date the ruling dynasty had been threatened by a formidable insurrection. The Chang-Mow, or



THE PHILOSOPHER WANG.

Tai-Ping, the "long-haired-rebels," had captured Nanking in 1853, and two years afterwards had taken Shang-Hai. After Tsien-Fong's death, his young son and successor had a hard matter to hold his own against the Tai-Ping, and except for the assistance of the Viceroy Li, Prince Kong, and more especially of the English Colonel Gordon, the chances

are very great that he would not have retained his throne. The object of the Tai-Ping, sworn enemies to the Tartars, was to overthrow the reigning Tsing dynasty, and to replace it once more by that of Wang; their party was strongly organised, divided into four distinct bands; the first, under a black banner, commissioned for slaughter; the second, under a red banner, set apart for incendiarism; the third, under a yellow banner, appointed for plunder; and the fourth, under a white banner, selected to superintend the commissariat of the other three.

On the evening of the 18th, just after the rebels had been expelled from the town, the door of the merchant's house was suddenly burst open, and a fugitive flung himself at the master's feet. He was entirely unarmed, and if Chung-How had been inclined to surrender him to the Imperial troops, his life would have been forfeited at once. But Chung-How had no disposition to betray a Tai-Ping; he hastily closed the door and addressed the intruder,—

"I know nothing of you. I do not inquire whence you have come, or what you have been doing. Here



ON THE QUAY.

Important military operations were carried on in the province of Kiang-Su. Soo-Choo and Kia-Hing, a few miles from Shang-Hai, fell into the hands of the insurgents, and were recaptured only after a severe struggle by the Imperial troops. Shang-Hai itself was attacked on the 18th of August, 1860, at the very time when, further north, the united French and English army, under Generals Grant and Montauban respectively, was storming the forts of the Pei-Ho river. Chung-How was then occupying a residence near Shang-Hai, close to the magnificent bridge that had been constructed by Chinese engineers over the river of Soo-Chow, and, as may be supposed, was watching the insurrection with no unfavourable

you may consider yourself as my guest. Here you shall be safe."

Well-nigh exhausted as he was, the fugitive in broken sentences began to pour forth his gratitude, but Chung-How checked him by asking,—

"What is your name?"

"Wang," was the answer.

"Enough, enough," said Chang-How; "I ask no more."

Thus Wang's life was saved by an act which, had it been known, would doubtless have cost the blood of the benefactor.

In the course of the next few years the rebellion was finally suppressed, and in 1864 the Tai-Ping



Emperor, besieged in Nanking, poisoned himself, to avoid falling into the hands of the Imperialists.

From the hour of his rescue, Wang had remained under his deliverer's roof, no one ever venturing to question him about his past deeds. The atrocities committed by the rebels were said to have been very terrible, and perhaps it was better to be ignorant as to which of the four banners Wang had followed, or at least to cherish the belief that he had only served in the corps that provided for the victualling of the others.

But whatever the fact might be, it was anyhow certain that Wang had been fortunate enough to find most comfortable quarters, and had done his best to repay the generosity that had rescued him. So wise and so amiable a friend had he shown himself, that Kin-Fo, upon his father's death, had retained him as an inseparable companion for himself. In the staid moralist of fifty-five, the philosopher in wooden spectacles, with the conventional moustache, it would have been hard to recognise the Tai-Ping of former days; with his long sober-coloured robe, with his figure slightly tending to *embonpoint*, and with his professional skull-cap of fur, decorated, according to Imperial regulation, with tufts of red, he might easily have passed for a member of the confraternity versed in the eighty thousand symbols of the Chinese calligraphy, or for one of the first-class literates privileged to pass beneath the great gate of Peking, reserved exclusively for "the sons of heaven." It is very likely that the rough nature of the rebel had been softened down by perpetual contact with Chung-How's frank and genial qualities, and that he had

gradually subsided into the calm and gentle ways of speculative philosophy.

On the evening on which this story opens, and immediately after the farewell dinner was over, Kin-Fo and Wang together proceeded towards the quay to meet the steamer that was to convey them back to Shang-Hai. Kin-Fo was silent and thoughtful; Wang looked up and down, right and left; now at the moon, now at the stars, passing complacently through the gate of Perpetual Purity, with equal composure through the gate of Perpetual Joy, and underneath the shadow of the Pagoda of the Five Hundred Gods.

The "Perma" was just getting up her steam to start. Kin-Fo and Wang went to the cabins that had been reserved for them, and were soon traversing the waters of the Pearl River, the rapid stream which daily receives the carcasses of prisoners who have been executed. The steamer shot past the breaches that had been made by the French cannonade, past the Pagoda of Nine Storeys, and past the Jardyne Point in the neighbourhood of Whampoa, where larger ships are wont to anchor; wending her way between the little islands and the stockaded banks, she made a hundred miles during the night, and at sunrise was passing the "Tiger's Jaw," and nearing the bars at the mouth of the estuary, while through the morning mist the Victoria peak of Hong-Kong, 1825 feet in height, was faintly visible.

The voyage was prosperous all through, and in due time Kin-Fo and his companion were safely landed at Shang-Hain on the coast of the Province of Kiang-Nan.

## FOLK-LORE FROM UNST, SHETLAND.

### I.

SITTING on the sea-shore, with Atlantic billows tossing fretfully at my feet, with the odour of brine in the air, and salt-tang clothing the rocks on either side, my thoughts naturally flew, like wild sea-mews, to the old rock in Northland, where childhood and youth were passed. The weird legends of Scandinavia, so familiar in days gone by, came thronging back at the call of memory, and hours went by, and I forgot that I was not in Unst, listening to stories of eld rehearsed by some "witchy wife." Then, as if in harmony with such dreams, there fell upon my ear the accents of the island tongue, and turning round, I discovered my little son in animated conversation with a stranger. It was a mere dilution of Shetlandic which the child possessed, but the woman to whom he was talking spoke with such a perfect Shetland accent that I had no hesitation in saying to her, "You are a Shetlander?"

"Yes," she answered, with some surprise; "bit am no been nort for twenty year comes Yule."

"Nevertheless, I cannot mistake the sound of our *uld tongue* for any other;" and having thus claimed sisterhood, we were soon engaged in talk of the beloved *Faderlaund*.\*

"Very frequently I make the acquaintance of ither Shelties in the same way, for they never altogether

lose their peculiar accent—an accent quite unlike that of Celtic races, but nearly approaching the Icelandic, I am told.

It is surprising how few people seem to know anything whatever about the Shetland Islands. One who had travelled over the length and breadth of America and Australia remarked, when I said that I was a Shetlander, "Then you must be quite familiar with the scenery of Skye!" and a genius, to whom the Hebrides is as a nursing mother, expressed surprise on learning that the Shetlanders do not speak Gaelic. This strange ignorance must be the excuse for pre-facing my fragments of our folk-lore with a few remarks about our dialect.

When Shetland became a portion of Great Britain the Shetlanders adopted the language of their new mother as she presents it in books; consequently they did not acquire Scottish accents, nor many ungrammatical vulgarisms. But though the English language seems to have become rapidly universal in the islands the natives continued to cling with loving tenacity to their Norse nouns, and in some localities Norse idioms were so well preserved that they are used in the present day, so slightly altered as to be easily recognised by the expert philologist. A custom among the fishermen has evidently been greatly instrumental in keeping those remnants alive. It was considered very unlucky to use the English or ordinary name of anything *when at sea*. All nouns

\* We are indebted for this paper to Mrs. Saxby, one of a family well-known in connection with Shetland, the Edmonstones, of Unst.

were there obliged "to suffer a sea change into something rich and strange," so that conversation in a Haaf-boat must have been the most odd medley of English, Norse, nicknames, and nautical terms. I am told that this habit is still kept up to a certain extent in one or two localities, and an intelligent Shetlander, to whom I am indebted for a great deal of folk-lore, tells me that when he was a boy he was often severely reprimanded by the old fishermen for daring to use a *lund* term when afloat. May not many nautical phrases have their origin in some such custom? When our jolly tars are jabbering the lingo so unintelligible to landsmen perhaps they are just mangling the language of their sea-king sires!

Notwithstanding the satirical jokes of other provincialists, the Shetlanders continue to "take pride" in calling themselves a distinct people, quite alien to Celt or Saxon, and bound to Scotland by few ties of kinship. Their habits, tastes, accent, physiognomy, are Scandinavian, and they have little sympathy with Celtic traits of character. Doubtless these marked differences were weakened at the time that Patrick Stuart and a horde of Scottish thieves infested Shetland, but the Norse element soon asserted its superiority again, and though the names of the intruders became common enough, yet the islanders never became Scotchmen, therefore the dialect only resembles the Scotch when they meet upon Scandinavian ground.

Perhaps a stronger reason than that of intermarriage may be found to explain the almost universal use of British "Christian" names. I fancy the reformed religion has to answer for the extermination of Norse proper names; for churchmen seem to have considered it right to substitute English (or Bible) names for those which their heathen converts had before baptism. It is questionable if such a course did not retard rather than advance the true faith, by wounding human nature on one of its tenderest as well as most innocent points. I have no doubt the clergy found it a difficult matter to induce a man to call his children Peter and Martha when the honest fellow was desirous of perpetuating some revered family names sent down to him from his heathen sea-king ancestors. When opposition arose it is probable that the holy men found a way to overcome the difficulty without wounding the parental feelings, for Norse proper names seem to have gone through a most ingenious process of alteration at the font. Breeta, or Brenda, became Bertha; Olaf changed into Oliver; Yaspard made an easy descent into Jaspar; Osla, sweet sounding and doubtless the property of sweet lasses, was transformed into bearish Ursula; Saneva (heathen-born) was baptized by the name of sainted Cecilia; Hunder was christened Henry, and Laulie (literally a plaything) was named Lillias; Hoskauld, Ingath, and a few such names being too stubborn to twist into anything Christian or Hebrew, were persecuted to the death, and are now almost extinct.

This dialect abounds in sounds so foreign to English ears that it is quite impossible to convey to an English reader the correct pronunciation of some of those strange utterances. Indeed, the Shetlandic "tongue" would be more vigorous than pleasing if it were not for the tender and most plaintive intonation which softens all harsh sounds into musical accord. Before giving an example of the dialect it may be useful to mention how some of the principal letters are usually pronounced.

A is usually spoken long, as in "far," or as "au"

in "haughty," when it occurs in such words as dale or vale, thereby converting them into *daul* and *vaul*.

I frequently becomes *e*; for example "die," "dee."

O and oo are generally pronounced as *eu* is in French, or *ü* and *ö* in German.

Ing seldom gets justice, for it is invariably cut short at *n*; but *r* is never permitted to hide the smallest flourish of his barbarian person, and is even obtruded sometimes where he ought to have no place, as in "fatigue" which is pronounced "fortig," the *r* being rolled under the tongue like a sweet morsel.

D always takes the place of *th*, as in "that" becoming "dat," and a favourite sound is the guttural *ch* as in loch (Scotch), so that "thought" is said "tocht."

Sch (German pronunciation) is often used for *sh*.

J takes the German sound of that letter generally, and there is a tendency to emphasise the endings of words by the use of firm-sounding consonants, so that "Jasper" becomes on the natives' tongue "Yaspard" in spite of kirk and clergy. I think this *y* sound of *j* is a great favourite, for it is found twisted into words in such a way as to inflict serious injury upon the English voice that is hardy enough to attempt to repeat them.

Here are a few words where it occurs.

Heljabrön—Holy water, or holy burn.

Heljeesam—A pleasant companion.

Bjauch—The weather-bow of a boat.

Jerta—My dear, or dear heart.

Viljarue—Foolish talk.

Gulja—The maiden who assists at the baptismal service.

Heljacröse—Churchyard.

Kjurkasoochen—Those who have had decent burial.

The following paragraph would be easily understood by any native, and contains a number of nouns in common use. The English mode of spelling and accentuation are used, of course, unless where the sound to be represented is foreign. In such cases it seems best to apply German accents.

"Ae da hümeen as I wis smooenen me ower da stiggie inta da strodie I fand a pellit rül baffin himsel we a maischie roond his fit. I wiz for fram we da Oy's ferdémate in a perrie bjödäe ae da van haund an a tauæg o' mell ae da tidder; bit I lunt me kischie upa da roogie o' fells, an set da bjödäe an da tauæg aside him, an dan I klikkit, pü Sniewgie oot o his straff. Dan I geed me gate lavin him lukin as deskit as if da Guy kerls hade been flittin pates apa him au neicht."

The English of that would be something like this: "In the twilight, as I was stealing over the stile into the road, I found a ragged young pony struggling with a straw net around his foot. I was going a distance with the grandchild's journeying food in a little basket in the one hand, and a small basket of meal in the other, but I leant my peat basket upon the mound of sods, and set the bjödäe and the tauæg beside it, and then I snatched poor Sniewgie" (means ill-favoured, and is a common name for a pony) "out of his difficulty. Then I went my way, leaving him looking as tired and downcast as if the giant's wives had been using him for carrying peats all night."

When talking to an antiquarian friend of some

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Unst words I chanced to mention *hümeen* (twilight), and the scholar, wise in such matters, delighted my soul by pointing out the origin of the word. In ancient Norse *hüm* meant dusk or dark, and there was supposed to be a sort of Hades, or Shadowland, named *hüm*. It was customary to put the article "en" (the) as an affix when the noun was desired to be very emphatic. Thus "*hümeen*" is simply "the twilight," and is as familiar a term in Unst to-day as "*gloamin*" is in Scotland. I have no doubt that a little scholarly research would bring to light in Unst many words as purely Norse as "*hümeen*." Indeed, I feel sure that all Shetland furnishes a most interesting field for the student of northern antiquities; may even be termed a *terra incognita* in some respects, and there the *savant* may find valuable relics of ancient times. I do not mean such antiquities and relics as rusty swords, arrow-heads, and cracked china. I mean fragments of Scandinavian language, poetry, history, religion, superstitions. Would that I were learned enough to make a proper use of the numberless legends, bits of song, idioms, words all once so familiar. Fortunately I have preserved a few of those "remains," which may serve as broken links that some one wiser than I can weave into a connecting chain between the modern Shetlanders and the Norsemen, whose blood is still the reddest drop of that mixed fluid which permeates British veins—or, as a Shetlander would express it, "*Wir yatlin, blöd comes frae da Norne stock*" ("Our reddest, readiest blood comes from the Norse ancestry").

I am indebted to the experiences of a sick-room for a great portion of my folk-lore; among the rest, for an incantation which nearly killed me! Having "supped on horrors" of Mam Kirsty's concocting, it was not wonderful that I was attacked by nightmare of an aggravated description. Evidently the old nurse did not believe that the scream I gave proceeded from physical causes, for she immediately set to work to exorcise the demon steed. Pulling from my head the longest hair it possessed, and then going through the pantomime of binding a refractory animal, she slowly chanted this spell:—

Da man o meicht  
He rod a neicht,  
We nedder swird  
Nor faerd nor leicht,  
He socht da mare,  
He faud da mare,  
He band da mare  
We his ain hair.  
An made her swear  
By midder's meicht,  
Dat sho'wad never bide  
a neicht  
Whar he had rod, dat  
man o' meicht.

The man of might  
He rode all night,  
With neither sword  
Nor food nor light,  
He sought the mare,  
He found the mare,  
He bound the mare  
With his own hair,  
And made her swear  
By mother's might,  
That she would never  
abide a night  
Where he had ridden,  
that man of might.

Notwithstanding the dame's soothing "Noo, my dear; sho'll no trouble you mair," I went off into hysterics, doubtless produced by vain efforts to restrain unseemly mirth; and I fear poor Mam Kirsty's faith in her incantation must have been shaken in consequence. There are different versions of this incantation, and I forget which it was that the old nurse used on the occasion mentioned. Therefore, I have given the one which is most familiar to me, and which seems more Scandinavian (or I should, perhaps, say, more *heathen*) than the other. It was considered very rash—even sinful—to mention the name

of a dead person, as the individual was likely "to appear" to the one who had named him. Also it was considered unsafe to name people who were believed to have dealings with the unseen world. Probably some such reason has prevented the hero of the incantation from receiving any more particular designation than that of "the man o' meicht."

It is true in the other version there is an "Arthur Knight" mentioned, and he is represented as riding with "drawn sword and candlelight," but that is evidently a later version applying to some king-honoured, church-blessed knight.

"We nedder swird nor faerd nor leicht" seems more like the way that the heroes of Scandinavian mythology went forth to fight the powers of evil, armed by their own God-like strength alone. I have always liked to fancy that this mighty conqueror of Valkyrur was Baldur the Beautiful, whose mission was to subdue evil, and to bring peace and sunshine. Born of the goddess Freija, whose knowledge and power seem to have been almost as much acknowledged as that of Odin, Baldur could not make the phantom steed (or battle maiden) swear by aught more binding than "mother's might." Also binding the brutal power of this evil being with "*his ain hair*"—those wonderful golden locks that were the admiration of gods and men—seems more fitting than binding "the mare wi' *her ain hair*," as the later version has it.

To be cognisant of the supernatural is supposed to be hereditary in some families, the members of which are treated with especial consideration in consequence. Those privileged individuals are gifted with second-sight, and power to call up spiritual appearances, but they are very reluctant to repeat any of their dealings with the unseen worlds, so that it has only been by the most ingenious and patient course of questioning that I have elicited personal experiences, or even family tradition, from any of the witchy tribe. Degenerate scions of those "wise" folk have not scrupled to impart the knowledge given to them in some weak unguarded hour, and in that way the desired information regarding many hidden things has been obtained.

#### PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

NOT very long ago a gentleman advertised in some of the London newspapers, making a request of a novel kind to all and sundry who might feel disposed to gratify his wishes without fee or reward. He wanted information of an uncommon sort, and doubtless there were numbers in all ranks of society who could have contributed in greater or less degree what he wanted, had they been so disposed. His object was to learn from as many sources as possible what peculiarities, physical or mental, the human constitution is subject to, and what capacities and faculties unconsciously exercised, or habits of an abnormal character, were peculiar to any who should elect to correspond with him.

Happening last evening to come across this inquirer's advertisement a second time I began, almost without intending it, to think over the subject, and to call to mind some of the singular instances of personal peculiarity of the description the advertiser was in search of, which, during a long life, have come under my own observation. They are mostly of a



trivial sort, but it is that very fact which, causing them to pass for the most part unobserved, renders them interesting to the curious. I shall set down some of them as they occur to my recollection.

About forty years ago I had a lad in my employ who had the habit when unexpectedly spoken to of pricking up his ears in so decisive a manner as to remind one of the ears of Press or of Tray when suddenly called. I have noticed the same habit or faculty in several other persons since, but in none was it so remarkably pronounced as in the lad in question. He was, however, excelled, if all accounts be true, in that particular by Marie Louise, the second wife of the Great Napoleon. According to the Duchess of Abrantés, who records the fact in her "*Mémoires Contemporaines*," this young empress was in the habit of amusing the ladies of her court at their private *soirées* by turning her ears almost completely round, and in a manner closing them up.\* This she did by a peculiar motion of the jaw, and she is said to have prided herself on the exploit not a little. The duchess remarks: "This faculty is very singular, and I think she is the only person I ever knew who possessed it." I have seen in my time several persons who could move their ears by a movement of the jaw, but in most instances the motion of the ear was comparatively slight.

A muscular effect somewhat similar to this is that produced by some persons who can at will erect the hair of the head by movements of the scalp, producing voluntarily a personification of Dickens's Mr. Traddles, or Cowper's

"Katterfelto, with his hair on end,  
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

I can recall but one instance of this faculty; it was possessed in comical perfection by a second-rate actor on the Bath stage, where he played his subordinate parts some fifty odd years ago.

Another man I knew well who wore an enormous shock of raven hair, and who would allow himself to be lifted by the hair from the ground by any one who was strong enough to do it, and to be swung to and fro like a pendulum, or to be dragged along the floor.

When I was a young man, my avocations led me frequently to Lincoln's Inn. I would drop occasionally in at the Chancery Court, and have a look at Lord Brougham as he sat leaning backwards, with his eyes closed, listening to the endless droning and drumming of the lawyers mouthing, or rather mumbling, their interminable pleas. At first sight his lordship appeared to be asleep, but a close inspection would show you that the muscles at the tip of his nose were in a state of rapid and continual agitation. There was no motion of the nostrils, not the least, but an unceasing vibration of the small muscles terminating the organ, reminding me strongly of a captive rabbit nosing at the wires of his hutch. Having once remarked it, I naturally looked for it at each opportunity, and never missed seeing it save when his lordship was visibly occupied with the business before him, either questioning counsel or witnesses or addressing the court. Of course he was not asleep as he lay back with closed eyes; indeed, it was well

known that at such times he was wide awake, and thoroughly mastered the business in hand. Though his lordship's accomplishment, if it was one, is by no means common; it is not so rare as might be supposed, and I believe that many persons possess and exercise it without, so far as one can judge from observation alone, being conscious of it. While on the subject of the nose, I may state that I have known many persons who had no sense of smell, though possessing the other senses in perfection, and others to whom the capability of sneezing was denied.

The faculty of sleeping at will was one of the endowments of the first Napoleon, who it is said could sleep any length of time, long or short, and awake at the time, almost to the minute, he had resolved upon. This, however, it is most probable, was an acquired faculty; at any rate, it is one possessed by most experienced seamen, and by others who, like seamen, have to take their sleep by instalments.

Among muscular movements not common, I have noticed several instances of persons who could throw back the four fingers of either hand until they stood quite perpendicular to the back of the hand and wrist. Other instances I have seen, though but a few, of persons who can project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm. In neither of these cases is the use or the ordinary symmetry of the hand at all affected. Of left-handed people we have all seen many, and they abound among the working classes; but of the artbandist, or both-handed, that is, of persons who could do everything with either hand, and as well with one as the other, I have known but one in the whole course of my life. This was an orphan boy who had had no parental care, but had been left almost to himself from infancy. Quick, active, and sharp-witted, he had taught himself many things tolerably well, could draw fairly, could play the fiddle and the flute, and wrote admirably and with unrivalled rapidity with either hand.

Left-footedness has not been much noticed, but I can remember certain Devonshire practitioners in the ungentle art of shin-kicking who in the days of my boyhood were notorious and redoubtable as "left-leggers." Whether this faculty might achieve distinction among footballers I cannot say.

There are many persons who, from causes they can never explain, have a repugnance, almost amounting to horror in some cases, for certain animals. Some people cannot endure the presence of a mouse or a rat, and undergo real tortures distressing to witness at the bare sight of them. The French general Junot, who was as cool as a cucumber amidst a storm of bullets, and would face the cannon's mouth unmoved, would take to his heels at the sight of a live frog, and would not recover his equanimity for hours. Others, again, are as much afflicted at the sight of a cat, and are even aware of the presence of a cat in a room, although she be hidden away out of sight. The antipathy of the fair sex for spiders, beetles, crickets, cockroaches, and the whole tribe of crawlers and hoppers, is unfortunately too general, but, thanks to education, is not nearly so marked as it was. The study of these little pests is highly interesting, and we should profit more by respecting their rights, when they do not infringe on ours, than by persecuting them to death.

It is a very common thing to meet with persons who have an unaccountable dislike to certain kinds

\* Par un mouvement de muscles de la mâchoire, l'impératrice faisait tourner son oreille presque en un cercle entier. Ce mouvement de rotation n'est pas fort compréhensible—mais elle en possède la possibilité. — "*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantés*," vol. iii, p. 71.

of food. I have known a man who could not touch mutton, however cooked, while he would eat heartily of any other meat. Some there are in whom the thought of eating hare or rabbit excites loathing; some who would starve rather than eat shell-fish of any kind; and there are not a few to whom butter and cheese are abominations. Others are equally prejudiced against certain vegetables, but why or wherefore they can never tell you.

Few things are less accountable for than the possession or the want of an ear for music. Why is it that some have a perfectly correct musical ear, and others are totally destitute of any musical faculty? I have known men, and women too, and I know some at the present time, who could never tell one tune from another; and I have known infants of two years who repeated tunes correctly without being taught, and I have known a young man who would go to hear a new opera, and on returning home would play the best part of it admirably on the piano. I have known many persons who could not distinguish harmony from discord, and others who, being capable of making the distinction, preferred the discord to the harmony. Can it be, after all, that the love of harmony is an acquired taste, inherited by us from our ancestors? It would seem to be so, for we read in the journals of travellers, of peoples by no means uncivilised whose music is excruciatingly painful to European ears, while supremely delightful to the natives. One of Smollet's characters, Mr. Tom Pipes, is described as having a natural genius for the composition of discords—of course he liked discord. Is there any sound reason why anybody should not like it?

We have heard a good deal of late concerning what is rather inappropriately called colour-blindness—the want of a faculty for accurately distinguishing colours. The existence of such a want, and the importance attachable to it, was first brought into prominence some forty years ago, when railways became general. It was then discovered that some of the engineers, guards, and drivers of locomotives could not see any difference between the red and green or blue lights used for signals. Accidents occurred from such failure on their part, and they had to give place to others. Since then more attention has been paid to the subject, and it is now sufficiently well known that this so-called colour-blindness is much more common than it was formerly supposed to be. Persons who have this defect can for the most part see as plainly and as well in all respects as others, with the sole exception that they confound certain colours. It is supposable that, colours having their complementaries, they see, from some peculiarity in their organ of vision, the complementary colour when looking at the true one. I am led to this supposition from the following incident. Some thirty years ago it happened to me that, on coming out of a room brilliantly lighted, where I had spent several hours, and going into a cloak-room dimly lighted by a single candle, I became for some minutes myself "colour-blind." The cloak I then wore was lined with a rather dark crimson stuff; on taking it down I saw the lining as a dull violet colour, and thinking I had made a mistake was putting it back again. "That is your cloak, sir," said the attendant. "No," I said, "mine has a red lining." "That is lined with red, sir." The man was right, though I did not think so at first, nor, until, approaching a stronger light, I saw the violet hue gradually change to red

under my view. I should not have mentioned this incident here had I not subsequently found my own experience on this occasion corroborated by that of other persons. May it not be that the sudden transition from excess of light to comparative gloom may have brought about a temporary condition of the eye-sight similar to that which is the normal condition of the so-called colour-blind?

Somewhat akin to this confusion as to colour is the incapacity of some persons to judge of form. There are people who cannot recognise a likeness, whether it be photographed or painted, when they see it, and there are even some to whom pictorial representations of any kind are almost meaningless. I have known a lady, whose vision was not otherwise defective, mistake a picture of tame rabbits feeding, painted to the life, for a group of kittens; and I knew a gentleman who, having his own wife painted by a first-rate artist, had not the slightest notion as to whether the picture resembled her or not, and had to refer the question for decision by his friends.

There is a large class of peculiarities to which people are subject, which, originating probably in unconscious imitation, have grown into settled habits so confirmed that they can hardly be got rid of. Another singular phase of conduct has to be noticed, and that is restlessness. A great French writer has said that half the misfortunes of mankind arise from man not being able to sit still in a room. I do not know how that may be, and therefore shall not endorse the dictum, but I do know that there is a not innumerable class of persons to whom sitting still and doing nothing is little short of torture.

Somebody has said that our habits are ourselves. That sounds not unlike truth, and if it be true, we cannot do better than look well to the habits we form and indulge in, and do our best to reform what is wrong, and, coveting "earnestly the best gifts," cultivate carefully what is right and good.

## Varieties.

**PETTY CASH.**—It is of advantage to have some ladies on the School Boards, as their advice may be of service in managing schools for girls. But when they meddle with business matters they find they have to learn some things, of which a curious instance occurred at the closing meeting of the last London School Board. The sum of £400 petty cash being voted to remain in the hands of the treasurer, Miss Helen Taylor asked how so large a sum could be called petty cash. She was told that it was necessary the Board should provide for the weekly salaries, which would have to be met before the Finance Committee was reconstituted, and, therefore, it was proposed to vote that the clerk should have "petty cash" to pay—that is to say, money available for current use. The lady probably thought she had discovered another example of the reckless expenditure of the School Board, but it was a "mare's nest."

**THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S ORIGIN.**—The Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugenie, who died in Madrid in November, at the age of eighty-six, was of Scottish extraction. Her great-great-grandfather, a Kirkpatrick, died on the scaffold in 1745 in consequence of having joined the rebel forces under Charles Edward. His son emigrated and settled at Ostend, and the family afterwards passed into Spain and settled in the south. There the now deceased countess's father was residing when the brother of the Count of Montijo and Teba married her. This elder brother dying without issue, the husband of the now deceased countess succeeded to the title. The Spanish law makes it necessary to inquire into the descent of any lady before she can be espoused by a Spanish noble, and certificates were

obtained from Scotland showing that she belonged to the family of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and that her ancestor had been created a baron by Alexander II of Scotland. From these parents the Empress Eugénie inherited the title of Duchess de Teba. The Counts of Montijo and Teba were of the same origin as the Dukes of Medina-Sidonia, the family name of both being Guzman. In 1633 Dona Luiza Francesca de Guzman, daughter of Don Juan Peres de Guzman, eighth Duke of Medina-Sidonia, married Don John, then Duke of Braganza, and afterwards John IV, King of Portugal. The Counts of Montijo and Teba appear among the most illustrious warriors of Spain in many past generations, back as far as 1492; and during the wars of the first French Empire the owners of the title fought under the standard of Napoleon. Teba is famous as the place at which Sir James Douglas, on his way to the Holy Land with the heart of the Bruce, lost his life while fighting against the Moors.

**CAUTION TO WIDOWERS AND WIDOWS.**—A curious story reported from Lucca, among other lessons, advises caution as to second marriages in certain circumstances. Some years ago a native of Casamaggiore emigrated to America, leaving behind him his wife and two children. Shortly after his arrival in the States, where he promptly found lucrative employment, he sent a hundred lire to the priest of his native place, to be by him conveyed to his family. A few months later this remittance was followed by a second of a thousand lire; and, at subsequent periods, other sums were forwarded in the same manner, to the total amount of twenty-five thousand lire, or one thousand pounds. The priest, however, to whom all this money was transmitted, put it in his own pocket. One day, having come to the conclusion that he had derived sufficient profit from his agency, he sent for the woman and informed her, with many consolatory reflections, that her husband was dead. About the same time he wrote to the emigrant, stating that the latter's wife and children had succumbed to an epidemic which had all but depopulated Casamaggiore, and inclosed in his letter an official certificate of their death and burial. It appears that, after a while, the emigrant, believing himself to be a widower, married again. He prospered in business, became a wealthy man, and, a few months ago, determined to revisit the place of his birth. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Casamaggiore, where he took up his quarters at the principal inn. Strolling out to look up some of his old acquaintances, a little beggar boy followed him, importuning him for alms. Something in the child's appearance arrested his attention. He asked the boy his name, and found him to be his own son. Further inquiry soon elicited the fact that his wife and two children were living, but in the utmost poverty and distress. The reverend embezzler, when confronted with his victims, offered to refund the twenty-five thousand lire; but the affair had come to the knowledge of the police authorities, who refused to permit any compromise, and arrested the holy man, against whom proceedings were taken by the State.

**MR. BRIGHT ON EMIGRATION.**—Writing from Rochdale to a correspondent in Sheffield, Mr. Bright says: "Emigration is a question on which it is hardly safe to give advice, so much depends on the emigrant—on his health, his character, his means, his family. For workers in iron and in all the metals the States are a better field than any of our colonies, as they offer a greater and more varied field of employment. For men connected with the land, as farmers or labourers, Canada and the States are much the same, except that in the north the winter is so severe, but this is moderated as you go south. I hear good accounts of Nebraska and Colorado, and there is room for millions. New Zealand has a fine climate, much superior to that of North America, but the distance is great, and the cost of going is consequently great. I should say that a young man, healthy, active, steady, and sensible, may do well; and a man with a family may do well for his children, though he may have to face some rough work and hardships."

**SMITHIES MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.**—The public drinking-fountain recently erected in remembrance of Mrs. Smithies, mother of T. B. Smithies, of the "British Workman," was a happily conceived form of memorial to "an excellent woman," whose good deeds included kindness to animals as well as earnest philanthropy. The fountain was opened by Lady Burdett-Coutts and many friends of the temperance cause, as well as those who respected the good old lady on other grounds. The granite square block is surmounted by an obelisk, twenty-one feet long, said to be the largest monolith in the metropolis except Cleopatra's Needle. At the base are four carved stone basins, into which flow constant streams of water, and upon the principal face of the square block forming the base is the

following inscription in gilt letters: "Erected in affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Catharine Smithies, of Earlsam Grove, Wood Green, founder of the 'Band of Mercy' movement, and presented by her family and friends for the use of the public." On the remaining three sides of the stone may be read the following appropriate Scriptural texts: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."—John iv. 13, 14. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16. "Add to temperance godliness."—2 Peter i. 5, 6. The total cost of the memorial, we are told, was about £800.

**SCHOOL BOARD ECONOMY.**—We have heard much about the wasteful expenditure of some School Boards, even when the educational rates are trifling compared with other taxes and rates less directly of public benefit. But this hard economy of the London School Board is excessive in some respects. It appears that the Chairman's labours, which equal those of the head of a great Government department, are given gratuitously. At the close of the last session of the retiring Board, Mr. A. Mills, M.P., in moving a vote of thanks to the Chairman, said: "The Board knew, and the informed part of the public knew, that Sir Charles Reed's services on the London School Board were wholly honorary, and Sir Charles gave services the like of which on other boards were remunerated by large salaries. The least the Board could do in acknowledgment of Sir Charles Reed's energetic and most valuable services was to give him grateful thanks." Canon Money, in seconding the motion, said that the public outside could scarcely realise the magnitude of the work carried out by the Board, though they appreciated the appeal made to the ratepayers' pockets. The most prominent among the unselfish and zealous members had been the Chairman, and they had no other hope of recompense than what they received from their consciences, and what they might receive from the future gratitude of the men and women of England. He had never known a public department better organised and carried on than the London School Board, and much of this excellent organisation was due to the Chairman.

**COCKLES AND MUSSELS.**—The cockles in Morecambe Bay alone are worth about £20,000 a year to the fishermen, and yet there appears to be no diminution in the yield of the fishery. But mussels in England are annually decreasing in abundance, in consequence of which the line fisheries are suffering from the want of bait.

**NEWSPAPER EDITORS.**—The "Times," in its obituary memoir of Mr. Delane, who had been for thirty-six years editor-in-chief, says:—"The work of an editor can only be appreciated by those who have had the fortune to have had some little experience of it. The editor of a London daily newspaper is held answerable for every word in forty-eight, and sometimes sixty, columns. The merest slip of the pen, an epithet too much, a wrong date, a name misspelt or with a wrong initial before it, a mistake as to some obscure personage only too glad to seize the opportunity of showing himself, the misinterpretation of some passage perhaps incapable of interpretation, the most trifling offence to the personal or national susceptibility of those who do not even profess to care for the feelings of others, may prove not only disagreeable, but even costly mistakes; but they are among the least of the mistakes to which an editor is liable. As it is impossible to say what a night may bring forth, and the most important intelligence is apt to be the latest, it will often find him with none to share his responsibility, without advisers, and with colleagues either pre-engaged on other matters or no longer at hand. The editor must be on the spot till the paper is sent to the press, and make decisions on which not only the approval of the British public, but great events, and even great causes, may hang. All the more serious part of his duties has to be discharged at the end of a long day's work, a day of interruptions and conversations, of letter-reading and letter-writing, when mind and body are not what they were twelve hours ago, and wearied nature is putting in her gentle pleas. An editor cannot husband his strength for the night's battle with comparative repose in the solitude of a study or the freshness of green fields. He must see the world, converse with its foremost or busiest actors, be open to information, and on guard against error. All this ought to be borne in mind by those who complain that journalism is not infallibly accurate, just, and agreeable. Their complaints are like those of the court lord who found fault with the disagreeable necessities of warfare."



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3 T	☾ 3 Quar. 3.38 P.M.	10 T	New ☾ 11.17 A.M.	17 T	Mars near ☾	24 T	Taurus S. 6 P.M.
4 W	☾ Ck. bef. ☉ 14m. 8s.	11 W	Ash Wednesday	18 W	☾ 1 Quar. 3.46 A.M.	25 W	Mars an evng. star
5 T	Venus a morn. star	12 T	Saturn an evng. star	19 T	Capella S. 7.12 P.M.	26 T	Full ☾ 1.22 A.M.
6 F	☾ least dist. from ☉	13 F	Orion in S. 6 P.M.	20 F	Daybreak 5.13 A.M.	27 F	☾ Ck. bef. ☉ 13m.
7 S	Half-Quarter Day	14 S	Twil. ends 7.7 P.M.	21 S	Sirius S. 8.36 P.M.	28 S	☉ sets 5.35 P.M.
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